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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. synopsis of preceding chapters.

John Curtis, a young American, who chances to be Athens at the outbreak of the Greco-Turkish War, as a filbustering expedition to Crete. The little isel is wrecked but Curtis, accompanied by Lieut, adbohn, a soldier of fortune, and a native Cretan, aboth a side of fortune, and a native Cretan, the his land safety. Curtis has injured jeated for by the inhabitants. Curtis has injured jeated or by the inhabitants. on a sea urchin, which stung him badly. CHAPTER IV.

The house of Papas-Malecko Nicolaides consisted of three rooms, two downstairs and one above. Curtis was seated upon an ancouch with a wooden frame, upon whose high back was carved the date 1855. Papas-Malecko's father-in-law had received it in that year as part of his wife's dowry, and had given it in turn to his own daughter. It was a highly prized possession.

A trunk studded with brass-headed nails,

several low wooden stools and a bureau completed the furniture of the apartment. The priest brought a stool for Curtis's foot,

and lifted the wounded member tenderly thereon. The windows and doors were darkened by the wondering population. Two or three leading citizens pushed through into the room and commenced talking in chorus. All gesticulated wildly. Lindbohm knelt down by foot and began to move the stocking. "I know something of medicine," he said.

"Do I hurt you?" "Go on," replied Curtis; "that's a mere detail." Lindbohm poked the puffy sole here and there until his patient gave a jump, as when the dentist finds a nerve.

"There it is," cried Curtis. "There's something in it." Further examination discovered the head

of a black sliver, which, after several attempts with a penknife blade and his thumbnail, the Lieutenant succeeded in extracting. The curiosity of the throng that now packed the room almost to suffocation found expression in a storm of volubility. The sliver was passed from hand to hand. Curtis thought he detected again and again the syllables, "many, many." He forgot they were speaking Greek. "Do they say there are others?" he asked. 'No." replied Michall; "they say, 'kalemene,'

which means poor fellow." "O, tell 'em it's nothing. Just a sliver in my foot. I'll be all right in an hour." On the contrary, I regret to say that you a sore foot may have during two or three weeks.

It is a spine of the achinoos." "O, the sea hedgehog. Is it poisonous?" "Not exactly poisonous, but it will make much irritation. You should have spoken of him immediately, then it would not have been so bad. Did it not hurt very bad?"

"Why, it hurt some of course, but I thought I had scratched my foot on a stone. I wasn't going to delay the game for a little scratch." "Well, by Jupiter!" cried Lindbohm, "you Americans have plenty of gravel."

Plenty of what?" "Plenty of gravel. Isn't that what you say? I heard that expression once."

"Perhaps you mean sand? 'Maybe it is. At any rate, you've got it." At this moment a tremendous hubbub arose. The demarch lunged through the crowd, and throwing his constituents to right and left made way for the entry of an old woman, who stabbed the ground at every step with a long, quivering staff. She was bent like the new moon,and her wrinkled skin was the color of a mild cigar. In her left hand she held whisp of dried herbs. The cries of relief and loy which her presence evoked reminded Curtis of the arrival of a tardy fire engine.

Who's this?" he asked. "She is the wise woman," replied Michall She will put something on the foot that will "She will put something on the foot that will cure him very quick."

Her orders, delivered in a shrill voice, resulted in the immediate production of warm water, a towel and a basin. The old woman made the sign of the cross over the foot. She then washed it, applied the leaves and bound them with rags.
"That does feel nice," said Curtis. "How

then wish rags.

"That does feel nice," said Curtis. "How much ought I to offer her?"

"Money?" asked Michali.

"Jes, of course."

"Nothing, nothing. She would be what you call him? She would suffer in her feelings.

you call him? She would suffer in her feelings. You are the guest of the village. Bid me to thank her for you.

Sure. Tell her she's a regular old brick. She in the mother couldn't have done if the him of the

dering food from his café, a proceeding which the priest and his daughter good naturedly re-sented as a reflection on their own hospitality. "Seems like a quarrel between Church and State," observed Curtis.

Seems like a quarrel between Church and State," observed Curtis.

Michaii explained the remark, easily understood in Greek, and the Mayor, shouting great thunderolaps of laughter, patted Curtis on the back and cried, "Bravo! bravo!"

Panayota placed on the cloth a huge lost of brown bread, a plate of black olives and a jug of water. The Sphakiotes do not take kindly to wine. But the feast was not yet complete, a young man entered bearing a large bowl of brown earthenware filled with something that emitted a cloud of iragrant steam, and a plate containing a large chunk of white halva. These he deposited upon the tablecioth, and Panayota, with a graceful wave of the hand and a dazzling smile that flashed from her white teeth and beamed in her great brown eyes, cried "Oreeste." The d-march sat down upon the floor, crossing his legs under him. The priest laid his hand upon Linabohm's shoulder and pointed to the spread. The Swede sat down as awkwardly and as many-jointedly as a camel. The floor seemed far away to him and when he had finally reached it, do what he could with his legs, his knees persisted in rising on a level with his ears. Curtis slid his lame foot along until he was sitting on the floor with his back against the sofa. The Cretans made the sign of the cross, which corresponds with our blessing, and Panayota, who was standing meekly by as serving maid, distributed four forks among the five diners. There not being enough to go around, the Demarch unsheathed a long knife whose silvermounted handle ended broadly, with two flaring ears, not unlike the butt of an Arab's gun. Cutting the bread with this, he impaled a bounteous portion and offered it to Curtis, who took it from the point, saying, "Eucharisto, polu, Kurle Demarche" (Many thanks, Mr. Mayor). "Bravo, bravo?" cried Michali, "you're getting on. At this rate you will speak Greek by to-morrow better than I do."

"Bravo, bravo, crossing his legal of the done hin for his fork." This is truly wonderful," observed the priest, and asked curtis, slowly a

CHAPTER V.

CHAPTER V.

Curtis was confined to his room four days with the foot, which time he devoted assiduously to the method. As modern Greek is now taught in our leading colleges, he already knew the grammar fairly well. He could decline the nouns and conjugate the verbs, of course, and possessed a fair general vocabulary. What he failed in was the names of practical objects of ordinary use, and in pronunciation. The average French scholar, who knows the words for virtue, love and cabbage, but who could not speak of a stump, a lamp-chimney or a dandelion to save his life, will comprehend his difficulty.

On the fifth day he was able, with the aid of a rustic crutch, to get down to the demarch's café. Michali assisted him as he hobbled down the stony street, his lame foot clumsily bundled in rags and swinging in the air. Lindbohm strode on ahead, instinctively making sword-like passes with the rattan cane. The latter's appearance had been much dignified by the assumption of a swashbuckling pair of yellow boots. He had been repeatedly offered a Cretan fez, but he clung with inexplicable affection to the shapeless and uneasy straw, still tethered to his buttonhole.

"Behold!" cried Michall as they reached a turn in the street whence the view was unobstructed over the tops of the houses. "Yonder is the ravine where we came up, and there is the sea. You will hardly find a village in all Crete from which the sea is not visible."

The village, on this fragrant and dewey spring morning, was peaceful and idyllic. Curtis drew a long breath into his lungs, and closing his eyes, imagined himself in ancient Arcadle. On the balconies of the heater white-

strong who will be seven and bound that the third of the process of the values of the

one of those glorious incidents in modern Greek history which all Greeks know by heart.

"Why do you go to Suli for an example of heroism?" cried Michall, springing to his feet, his eyes blazing with excitement. "He will tell you of the deeds of the brave Suliote women, and how they blew themselves up with their own powder, or have danced, singing, over the edge of one cliff to save their honor. Why shall he not tell rather of the convent of Arkadie?"

edge of one cliff to save their honor. Why shall he not tell rather of the convent of Arkadie?"

"Ah. certainly, certainly, tell them of Arkadie," cried the demarch, catching the name.

"It was Mustapha Pacha," continued Michall, speaking rapidly despite his unfamiliarity with English. His fists were clenched, and he jerked out the words by nervously smiting the air, as though beating on an invisible table.

"He had come with very many Turks to Rethymo. He kills, he burns. The women, many of them pregnant, and the small childrenthey cannot climb over the hills and sleep on the rocks. They take asylum in the monastery of Arkadie, on south side Mount Ida. The old men go too. Mustapha, he puts cannon on mountains all around and fires down from above. By and by, he beats down the walls, and his army rush into the court. He says 'Yield.' The women, the old men, the friars, they say 'No, we die!' and they shoot from the windows. Oh, they kill very many Turks. Then Mustapha bring in his cannon, and he commence shoot at walls of building. Pretty soon he will make a hole. Fr. Gabriel, the Hegoumenos, he see this. He shout through the rour of the cannon: Shall we die, my children, or shall we yield?' They say all together, 'We shall die!"

Lindbohm was striding up and down before the speaker. The demarch still held the rattan cane, but the Lieutenant was making home thrusts with his closed fists.

"Fr. Gabriel he stretch out his arms. They all fall on their knees, the women, the children, the old men. The Hegoumenos blesses them; he say, 'Father, into thy hands I commit these souls!' Then he goes down cellar. They know where he gone. The women hug their bables tight and begin to sing the hymn of liberty, and the men Join in. They are all looking to the sky and chanting—" and Michali sang:

From the bones of the Greeks uprising,

From the bones of the Greeks uprising,
Who died that we might be free,
And the strength of thy strong youth bringing
Hail, Liberty! Hall to thee!

Hail, Liberty! Hall to thee!

"Every moment a bullet comes through and kills somebody, but they know nothing now except the song. 'Hail Liberty.' Then the wall falls and in they rush the Turks and begin to kill, when 'boom' the powder magazine roars like one gun and all are dead—Greeks, Turks, all dead—ah! all dead together—200 Turks!"

But the demarch, not understanding all this, was unable to enter fully into the enthusiasm of the others. He was anxious to continue with his picture gallery.

"This," he said. " is the Lordus Beeron, who, being descended from the ancient Greeks, came over to this country to fight for his native land."

Curtis, despite his enthusiasm for Byron,

came over to this country to fight for his native land."

Curtis, despite his enthusiasm for Byron, did not rise. He had seen that woodcut before in Athens. It represented the youthful poet wearing a brass cavalry helmet with a sublime plume. This is the Bryon honored among the uneducated classes in Greece, who know him as soldier and not as poet. With nodding plume and warlike eye he frowns terribly down from the dingy walls of a thousand khans and wayside inns. In this a potheosis he no longer holds high converse with Shelley and Tem Moore—he hobnobs with Ypsilanti. Bozzaris and Admiral Miaulis.

"This," continued Kur' Nikolaki, "is the most beautiful woman in the world. I have never found any one who knew her name, but all agree that she is a Greek—probably a Sphakiote."

kiote."
Lindbohm and Michali gazed earnestly at

Lindbohm and Michali gazed earnestly at the cheap engraving, but no name was visible. Curtis arese, and placing his hand on the Mayor's shoulder, hopped across the room.

"An American actress, by Jovel" he exclaimed. "She's a beauty, indeed, but she's an American, old man." And in Greek to the Mayor. "She's an American—ah—I can't think of the word for 'actor." Michali, tell him her picture is to be found in every nock and cranny of the civilized globe. I can't say 'nook' and 'cranny' in Greek."

CHAPTER VI. "Hello!" cried Lindbohm, "what's the hub-

"Hello!" cried Lindbohm, "what's the hubbub?"

It was the morning of the 2d of May, Curtis and his two friends were sitting in the Mavor's café, partaking of muddy black coffee, served in tiny curs.

Noisy voices, as of an increasing and excited throng, were audible. Michali, the Mayor and the Swede rushed to the door, but were almost immediately swept back inside on the crest of an anary human wave. Two or three tail young shetherds, with long crooks in their left hands and with hairy cloaks thrown over their shoulders, were flinging their fists in the air, and shouting hoarsely. Papas-Malecko, fully as tall as they and looming above them by the height of his priest's hat, was flourishing angrily a bit of letter paper, and evidently attempting to outvell them. His head was thrown back and his great black beard, terked by his rapidly moving chin, twitched and danced upon his breast. Every moment more men, women and children crowded into the café until the interior became thronged to suffocation. Curtis seized the little table that stood before him firmly with both hands and pulled it over his lame foot.

The demarch, clambering upon a bench.

Curtis seized the little table that stood before him firmly with both hands and pulled it over his lame foot.

The demarch, clambering upon a bench, shouted and gesticulated, evidently for order. His efforts, at first unavailable, at length resulted in partial quiet, and he began to speak. He finished and stepped down. Then one of the shepherds jumped upon the improvised platform. He was no orator, but with few and hesitating words told his story. But this was evidently a case where facts were eloquent, for his voice was soon drowned in an unextinguishable roar, in the midst of which Papas-Malecko sprang upon another bench and commenced to sneak, still shaking the bit of paper. Silence again fell. Curtis could understand scarcely anything. Each of the speakers talked so rapidly that the words seemed all ioined together into one word of interminable length. Besides, in their excitement, they were screaming one moment and talking in a hourse guitural the next. He only knew that he was listening to an outburst of wild, crude eloquence—the eloquence of passion—the exaliation of righteous indignation. When the priest had finished he tore the paper into little bits and threw them into the air, with thumbs and fingers extended like the ribs of a fan, the Greek gesture of a curse.

"Na!" he cried.

In the moment of silence, of evident perplexity, which followed Curtis arose, and seizing Michali firmly by the shoulder, pulled him nearer.

"What in heaven's name is all this?" he asked.

"Bad. very bad." replied the Cretan. "Kostakes Effendi, with 250 men, has two villages destroyed on other side of mountain, and kill many people. He write letter and say wend him Panavota, the priest's daughter, for his harem, he go 'way. If no, he come through the pass, burn. kill."

Curtis sank upon the seat and stared dumbly at the broad back of the villager just before him. It expanded into the front of a whitewashed cottage, with a laughing Greek girl standing beneath a portoh of vines. She had soft brown hair, large brown eyes and a

cillatory manner.
"What does he say?" asked Lindbohm of Michall.

cilitatory manner.

"What does he say?" asked Lindbohm of Michall.

"He say, send the girl. We have but little ammunition, few guns: Kostakes Effendihave plenty men, plenty guns. Better one suffer than all. Kostakes, he say, is no genuine Tort anyway. His mother was a Greek—he probably marry the girl."

Then an unexpected thing happened. The orator was having a visible effect on a portion of his audience. He was dispersing the patriotic exalitation of the weaker minded, and was causing even the boldest to feel the hopelessness of their condition. At this critical moment the Norseman, who had grown deadly pale, gave way to frenzy. He threw the listening throng to right and left as easily as thoughe were walking through a field of tall wheat. Reaching the bench of the astonished crator, he kicked it from under him. The Cretan sprang to his feet and drew his knife. Lindbohm seized the unlifted wrist and twisted it until the weapon fell to the floor. Then he savagely hustled the orator through the crowdition that forgot his foot, but was sharply reminded of it by putting it on the floor in his eaverness to follow. When he finally reached the door, the escaping coward, beating him over the back with his own staff. Some of the Cretans were laughing and others were shouting "Bravo!"

"He will go to join the Turks," said Michali to Curtis.

"That's where he ought to be," replied the to Curtis.
"That's where he ought to be," replied the

American. To be continued.

From the Farmers' Advocate. Horse phrenology is the latest discovery of the Royal College of Veterinary Surgeons of England. According to Harold Leeney, a mem-ber of the college, it is easy to tell a horse's character by the shape of his nose. If there is a gentle curve to the profile, and at the same time the cars are pointed and sensitive, it is safe to bank on the animal as gentle, and at the same time high spirited. If on the other hand, the horse has a dent in the middle of his nose, it is equally safe to set him down as treacherous and victous. The Roman-nosed horse is sure to be a good animal for hard work and safe to drive, but he is apt to be slow. A horse with a slight concavity in the profile will be scary and need coaxing. A horse that droops his ears is cotto be lazy a well as victous.

know what you did and what you didn't do.

"Do I?" returned the other with a wan smil, Well, I signed a receipt for the jewels, for I've seen it and can't deny the signature. Patrick. the groom, who met me at the train, says that I held a red-sealed package in my hand when he drove me home. I must have gone into the house, for an hour later I was found upstairs, outside my bedroom door, insensible, having been struck on the head from behind with some heavy blunt weapon like a billy or a slungshot: but there was no sign of the jeweis. I recovered in due time to my present condition of health. but all recollection of what happened that day has gone from my mind as a result of that blow -wiped out as completely as chalk marks may be sponged from a slate. So, now, do you see why I am uncertain and suspicious?"

"No. I do not." answered Judge Marcellus "It was a very flagrant case, of course, and the authorities have been lax in not bringing the perpetrator to justice; but, after all, you can readily replace the jewels, no matter how unique the orange diamond may be, and you ought to be grateful to have survived so violent an attack. I think you exaggerate the importance of the loss of your memory If you were struck from behind you couldn't have seen your assailant. How, then, does this case differ from one of ordinary robbery? You were seen coming out of the deposit company with a sealed packa" e; you were followed and relieved of it. Why, there's absolutely no room for uncertainty and suspicions."

"Hear me further," entreated Mr. Marle, "before you make your deductions. No one knew I was going for the jewels, for remember I planned to have them a great surprise for Anne. When I came down here with them I took the Limited, which made no other stop and wouldn't have stopped for me had I not been an officer of the road. No one else alighted from the train, so all about the station agree; reached the house a half hour shead of such have had detectives go over the ground very thoroughly, and they say they can account for the whereabouts of every professional cracksman on that day. They say, too, that while the other jewels may have been disposed of, the orange diamond has never been offered in this country, for they would have heard of it. Does not all this seem mysterious?"

"What kind of a man is the groom. Patrick?" asked the lawyer abruptly. "Oh, a simple, honest fellow, who hasn't been

off the place since. The servants, working in the rear of the house, all agree that he drove to the stables as soon as I got out." "And of whom did your household consist at the time?"

"My daughter Anne, the old housekeeper, Mrs. Davenant, Nebbs, the butler, and four serving women. Jack was visiting some friends

"There's nothing there," reflected Judge
Marcellus; "a lovely young girl, a dear old
lady who has devoted her life to the family, one of the gentlest, truest souls I've ever known, as sensitive, as timid as a child, and half a dozen of the trustiest servants in America! as sensitive, as timid as a child, and half a dozen of the trustiest servants in America! Well, then, though you can't remember, you must know yourself well enough to be able to say pretty correctly what purpose you had in mind on entering the house?"

Mr. Marle sprang from his chair as if stung, and paced the floor in extreme agritation. "Ah," he groaned. "you've touched the vital point of my distress, the very issue I shrank from facing! I'm a soft-hearted old fellow, fond of pleasing those dear to me, and I know, yes. I know, that my impulse would be to show the jewels to my daughter at once. So convinced was I of this that as soon as I became apprised of the situation, I asked Anne where she was on my arrival and whether I hadn't gone to her room; and then, and then instead of being met by a frank and free explanation, my child, my dear child, notwithstanding all, was evasive and confused. She hadn't seen me, she maintained, but there was a concealment, and it is that which is driving me distracted."

"But you don't mean—"

"I mean that she has a secret, when once started, may lead a woman. It was only yesterday that Jack informed me that Anne still carries on a correspondence with young Bramwell, the village attorney, a good sort of a fellow, from the speech of people, I admit, but no fit match for my daughter, whom I warned to avoid him months ago.

"Rather gratuitous, wasn't it, of Jack?"

"Not at all: he guards the family honor as sacredly as I do. Well, you must imagine, for I haven't the heart to detail them, the monstrous, impossible ideas, banished when I see my child's sweet and noble face in the clear light of day, but returning with renewed strength at night, which sprang from this added complication. And so I call on you, my old friend—"

"I see," said Mr. Marcellus soothingly; "you want some one to assume this burden of care, to explain all these mysteries. That shall be my task, my friend, my only condition being that you cast aside all thought on the subject and devote yourself in every way t Well, then, though you can't remember, you

who has been a sort of leader for him in boston society."

"That, too, is well," assented the lawyer;, "the more the merrier; we really ought to have some one of our own age to help us out. And that reminds me: as I arrived yesterday I met at the station Prof. Mattrix, the famous geologist, just taking the train for town. He returns in a few days to the inn where he has been stopping, for he is deeply interested in the formation of this coast. Now, if you care to invite him to put up with you, I'm sure you'd find his society pleasurable as well as instructive. You will attend to that, will you? Very well, then, we will consider this incident closed and the orange diamond tabooed for at least the coming fortnight."

Prof. Mattrix arrived in due course and proved to be a stocky old gentleman, primly dressed in snuff-colored clothes, with a tiny hammer sticking out of one pocket and all sorts of specimens bulging out the other. His white hair, worn rather long, his beard and

LOST, AN ORANGE DIAMOND.

A THEFT OF JEWELRY AND THE SUSPICIONS IT AWARENED.

Abe Cronklie's Inquiry into the Crime Committed by an Eight-Day Clock—A Romance Nearly Spolled in Consequence—Chance of Young Bir. Marica will be surrounded to wander at will be pursuit of his vocasiant of the surrounded of the surrounded

one glass would have no other thought than to get to bed himself.

Meanwhile Judge Marcellus was not meeting with the success in his investigations he had anticipated. In his adroit yet courtly way he tried to gain Anne's confidence, but the girl shrank from him, interposing her friend Tabitha as a shield at his slightest approach, ilis overtures to Brannwell met with even a blunter repulse. On calling at the young lawyer's office, his card was returned with the written slatement that the writer was aware of his purpose and dared hit, to do his worst. What this defiance meant seemed explained by certain revelations which came through Jack Marle. That young man, after assuring the Judge that he well knew why he was remaining at Gray Rocks, advised him to have a talk with Patrick, the groom. The result of rather sharp cross-questioning was that Patrick reluctantly admitted that a half hour after his arrival at the house on the day of the assault, he had seen Branwell pass cautionsly out of the conservatory and make his way to a lane in the rear, which connected by a circuitous route through the woods with the main road. Judge Marcellus returned to Jack and asked him how he construed this conduct. "What else can I believe," replied the young."

conduct
"What else can I believe," replied the young
man, "but that this fellow is my father's assailant? I don't say that my sister knows anything about it but she meets him; she is fond
of him."

thing about it but she meets him; she is fond of him."

"Then," concluded the Judge, "I must confine my investigation to that single direction."

"That's wise, agreed Jack; "and my friend Ruthven and I will help you." And so vigilant was the watch of these two young men that in a few days they were able to assure the Judge that Anne Marle and Bramwell had all arrangements made to be married secretly at the Cliff Inn on the following Wednesday at noon.

Wednesday came, and the house at Gray Rocks was deserted. Anne and her friend Tabitha had strolled away into the woods in the early morn. Jack Marle after a late breakfast had returned to his room, only to rush downstairs to Mrs. Davenant, and after a few scattered, excited words dart through the grounds and down the road like one possessed. He couldn't be looking for his friend Ruthven, for he dully remembered that that worthy on the previous e ening had told him he was going to run up to townon the first train. The professor too, was missing, though that was not out of the common; doubtless the learned man was down on the shore rapping out the precise date of the creation of the world with his little hammer from those primitive rocks which he had so assiduously studied. And so when Mr.

hammer from mose printitive rocks which he had so such out of the had so when Mr. March and the March and the work of the had the had the had the had the had the had the serving women, peeping through the windows, to wonder why they looked so sober.

It was noon, and in the best front parlor of the Cliff finn Anno Marle and her friend Tabitha were softly crying together in a further corner, the had the had the had the heat for the cliery man. There came the patter of rapid hoofs and the whir of lightly rolling wheels, and the voying man's face arew radiant for an instant, and then settled into sternness. The door opened and Mr. Marle and Judge Marcellus entered.

"Anne, my daughter, was this well?" cried father, which we will be the had no confidence because you deserved none. Jack told me all your unworthy thoughts, of all the evil this lawre of yours was trying to connect us with almply because I have reserves such lovelty."

Young Bramwell stepped forward with a haughty look at the Judge, and was about to speak, when, all pale and breathless, Jack Marlerished in, and tearing open a satchel on the table, dumped out the miscellaneous contents which women lost to solve in souch a receptual as the same and the long and th

of public scandal and with a prospect at least of reform and prudence for the young people, Mr. Marle was so relieved as to become curious. "But who is this professor" he asked, "to whom I am so deeply indebted?" "Oh," replied Judge Marcellus "that's a confidential man of mine I sometimes employ in such little matters. His name is Abe Cronkite."

A LAZY PIKE COUNTY MAN.

HIRAM LAMPSON'S ATTEMPT TO GET A LIVING EASILY.

To Do It He Trifled With the Tender Feelings

THE MUSIC OF SOLOMON'S TEMPLE. Grand and Imposing Religious Musical Service.

From the Church Eclectic. The Temple which Solomon built in Jerusalem was arranged, among other things, for the grandest possible musical service, and the researches of the historians of the Jews have proved that here we find the very highest ideal f a religious musical service fully realized. The open-air processions and sengs of praisi and thanksgiving, and the brilliant pageant at the procession of the Ark were only faint foreshadowings of the glories of the Temple service.

The care of the sacred music was one of the first objects of King Solomon. Being himself both a poet and a musician, as well as possessed of unlimited wealth and autocratic authority, there was nothing to hinder him from carrying out his fullest desires as to the character of the worship in his magnificent building. He prescribed its minutest details. The tribe of Levi was especially assigned to the oversight of the musical part of the service. David had estabjished the first music school in history, and appointed the singers for the worship in the Tabernacle. Solomon confirmed these ap-pointments and greatly increased and extended their musical duties. The Levites were divided into twenty-four orders, each with tweive singing masters. These 288 instructors had to Pike county bear and wildcat theatrical cirwear priestly vestments when officiating in the Temple. Four thousand of the Levites were set apart as singers and instrumentalists and these were under the instruction and charge of the 28s singing masters. The boys of the tribe of Levi occupied the lower steps of a platform and the men the higher steps. These were directed by the singing masters who were on duty, and the whole mass of voices rose in unison in the songs of praise. All the choristers were clothed in vestments of fine white linen, which were appropriated to their use and a mark of their position, just as the Levites and priests had their special vestments. They sang antiphonally, by sides. In fact, the psalms which taken together formed the great hymn book of the Jewish Temple, were sung as grand double choruses by these trained singers. The Rev. Dr. Alfred Edersheim, in his work, "The Temple: Its Ministry and Services," gives a full description of the singing of the "Hallel" as part of the Temple service at the slaying of the Paschal lamb. "Shortly before the burning of the linense, and the trimming of the lamps was the time for this service. In its proper furn, a body of Israelites large enough to fill without overcrowding the court of the priests, and each carrying a lamb under his arm, was admitted. Immediately the massive gates were closed behind them. The priests set apart as singers and instrumentalists and

arm, was admitted. Immediately the massace gates were closed behind them. The priests blew a threefold biast from their alrear trumtets when the Passover was skill along the court, up to two rows, the one helding griden the other silver bowls. In these, the blood of the Paschal lambs, which each Israelite slow for himself, as the representative of his company at the Paschal supper, was caught by a priest, who handed it to his colleague, receiving back an empty bowl, and so the bowls with the blood were passed up to the priest at the altar, who jerked it in one jet at the base of the altar. While this was going on a most solemn hymn of praise was raised, the Levites leading in song, and the offerers either repeating after them or merely responding. Every first line of a psalm was repeated by the people, while to each of the others they responded by a Hallehijah. Or 'Praise ye the Lord."

The instruments which were used in accompanying the singing of the psalms consisted of harps, timbrels, psalteries, trumpets drums, shophars and futues. Stringed instruments were employed in the penitential psalms, and the stronger and more sonorous instruments for the hymns of praise.

The manner of singing the Psalms in the Temple service was called cantilation. This is described as a kind of chant, its character varying from time to time and in different paless. Its irregularity rendered it singularly appropriate for use to poems of such a complicated and constantly changing rhythm as the Psalms of the psalm, and the start temple, while the contractive properties of the congregation to the outer. Court of the Priests, playing upon nine lyres, two harps and one pair of cymbals, began the singing of the psalm, while the officiating priest poured out the wine offering. Younger Levites played on other instruments, but did not sing, while the Levitical boys strengthened the melody by singing and not playing. The pauses of the psalm, or its divisions, were indicated by blasts of the trumples of the medern spann, or its divisions, w

CITADEL OF THE TRANSVAAL. The District Where the Boers Are Expected

to Withstand the British. A correspondent at Lorenzo Marques gives graphic description of the district north of Lydenburg in the Transvaal where it is reported great preparations are being made to carry on the resistance to the British. The centre of the district is at Ohrigstad, about thirty miles north of Lydenburg. The Ohrigstad Laager is so called because it is the oldest and strongest position taken up by the Boers of the first trek going north from Cape Colony and Natal.

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From sixty to a hundred years back the Transvaal was inhabited in districts by Basutos who were raided by the Zulus and of her tribes. The Boer immigrants took advantage of this condition of things and established themselves in the country against all comers. When hard pressed by large imps of natives the Boers retreated to Ohrigstad Valley, where the positions are impregnable if well defended, being a series of volcanic fortifications, interminable kopies extending for miles. Inside these natural defences is a beautiful and fertile valley about seventy-five miles square, protected on the east by the Drakensberg and on the north and east by the broad and deep Oliphant's River with Forts Oliphant and Weber. From the south the valley narrows to Lydenburg, the only gate, the transport station for which is at Nelspriat on the railway from Pretoria to Delagoa Bay.

Six or eight thousand Boers or even fewer with artillery could defy the whole British army now in South Africa for an indefinite period. No army, no matter how many thousand in number, could climb those glant ridges or pass the multitudinous death traps of boulderbulk kopies intersected with dongas. The force inside the natural citadel would be safe so long as ammunition and food lasted. Three beautiful rivers, the Blyde, Ohrigstad and Steelport, run into the Oliphant's River and are fed by hundreds of springs and rivulets. The nature and aspect of the valley is that of one continuous garden capable of irrigation from streams in all directions. The soil is alluvial, producing with the present primitive methods of cultivation, grain, porage, tobacco and almost anything required, and the hill sides afford excellent pasturage for horses, cattle and sheep, summer and winter.

The valley is even now fairly populated by Boers and well-to-do natives, all of whom have fruit gardens. The natural advantages for a defending force cannot be overestimated. The length of the resistance would depend on the supplies of food and ammunition, and to stop those it would be n

To Do It He Trifled With the Tender Feelings of Bears and Wildcats That Were Mothers -Punishment Inflicted by the Indignant Beasts When They Found Him Out.

"The intelligence of Pike county animals being famous all over the country," said Deacon Todgers, "no one was surprised when the agent for a big circus came up here early this spring trying to collect live animals in general, but with a special yearning for wildcats and bears. He offered good prices, but the boys, knowing the difficulties of the case, didn't take much interest in his scheme. So every one was surprised when Hiram Lampson, who has the reputation of being the laziest man in the whole county, spoke up and allowed he would furnish the agent with bears and wildcats enough to meet the demands of any ten

"'I ain't so foolish as I look,' said Hiram, when I remonstrated with him. 'Who is the best ventriloquist in this county?' 'You are,' I responded.

" 'And who is the best mimic?' he asked. "You are, Hiram Lampson, I answered him, impatient like. 'And you are the biggest fool, too. Do you propose to give an entertainment for the benefit of Pike county bears, and charm them so that they will be willing to let you sell them to any circus agent who happens to be in the vicinity? Your undoubted talents may amuse a Sunday school class, but they wont carry you far along the cuit, which it seems to be your intention to

organize." "Hiram looked hurt at my flow of sarcasm. "It's no wild animal vaudeville entertain-

ment I'm going to get up, deacon,' he says earnestly 'My plan is based on the under standing of wild animal nature I acquired sitting around in the woods on warm summer days when prejudiced observers thought I ought to be ploughing. My muscles weren' very busy then, to be sure, but my intellect was working overtime."

"I was clean puzzled to see how Hiram was going to catch either bears or wildcats by means of ventriloquism or mimicry. After making me promise not to give his plan away. he unfolded his scheme.

"'During these spring months what are Pike county animals busiest about?' he asked 'Most of them are devoting their energies

to looking after promising families,' said 1.

"Most of them are devoting their energies to looking after promising families,' said 1.

"To be sure, deacon, to be sure,' answered Hiram, with the air of a man who has gained an important point in an argument. Now take the case with bears. Will an old bear, an experienced bear, wander into any trap devised for the tatching alive of unsuspecting bruins? But if a bear thinks its cub is in the trap it will blunder right habead and so be trapped and exchanged for good meney for the benefit of an intelligent but over medest hunter.'

"Even then I didn't see through Hiram's plan. I don't see,' I argued, 'how you are going to get your cubs. Even the youngest and least suspicious of bear wives or mothers will look with doubt on your plan of starting a bear creche with her cubs. And it's certain no wildcat is going to commit her kittens to the tender mercies of Hiram Lampson. Day schools and nurseries are all right in their way, but I don't believe you can ever make them popular with Pike county wildcats.'

"Nonsense, deacon,' says Hiram, impatiently.' It's not a training school for teaching the bear cub or wildcat kitten idea to shoot that I'm after. I mean to bring my active intellect and justly famed powers of mimicry into play. Down at the end of the big gulch I will build a pen with a little door to it. Then I will get up a tree and iinitate the crying of a bear cub in distress. The call will seem to come from the pen. Any mother bear that hears it will hike for that pen, and wont rest until she has explored the inside. Once inside, that bear will stay until she is exchanged for shekels for the benefit of Hiram Lampson. And the same scheme will work all right with wildcats. Once let me get my plan in working order and any famine in the wild animal supply can promptly be averted by applying to your Uncle Hiram.

"I was more than shocked at the moral callousness of the man and the way he gloated over the prospective breaking up of happy, if belligerent, families. 'Hiram Lampson, I said to him, solemnly, 'it's playin

but in the end fate will reach out and grab you by the neck and twist it.

"But did my solemn and well chosen words of warning turn Hiram from his evil ways? Not a bit. Within three days he had his trap fixed. Then he climbed a nearby tree, sort of hid in the branches, and sent out a cry like a baby bear that has been caught in a trap. There's no denying Hiram had talent in his unsanctified way, for that call was the most natural-sounding thing I ever heard. And before Hiram had repeated it half a dozen times a big she bear came crashing through the bushes, kiked over to where the door was and then stopped. Hiram gave another call, which seemed to come right from the corner of the pen. In rushed the old bear, Hiram pulled a string, and down from the tree as pleased and happy as if he had done something to be proud of.

"It's only rescuing that old bear from the wild woods and hills, he said, sort of exultant like, and giving her the benefits of civilization. When the circus agent carts her off he will show her what life in great cities is like. Blamed if I don't feel as if I was the old original white man's burden bearer. And he swelled out his chest, like a man who has done all kinds of a charitable deed.

"Hiram sold the bear to the circus agent for more money than he could have earned in three months. The next day he imitated the cry of a wildcat kitten in distressful circumstances with the result that in less than an hour he had a small, but indignant, female wildcat in the pen. Hiram was the happiest man in Pike county, and began planning what he would do with all the money he saw coming.

"You've made a good bundle now,' I told him, and it's up to you to cash in and get out of the game. Animals with the intelligence of Pike county bears and wildcats wont be made. And I've noticed both bears and wildcats prowling around, as if they suspected that pen of yours wasn't entirely a charitable institution.

"But Hiram declared he wouldn't stop while he was fairly colning money. The next day he started after bear

cats prowling around, as if they suspected that pen of yours wasn't entirely a charitable institution."

"But Hiram declared he wouldn't stop while he was fairly coining money. The next day he started after hear. Sure enough, as soon as he gave the hear cub cry, down from the hills came a big bear. But instead of going into the pen, the hear kept nosing about as if she suspected something was wrong. About a minute later she spied Hiram. You could fairly hear her brains working, she was thinking so hard. Being an old and experienced hear it didn't take her long to figure out that the hear cub cry had come from Hiram. Talk about an angry hear. She started up the tree with the air of a hear who was determined to give at least one person a lesson on the evil of trifling with the affections of respectable mother hears. Hiram didn't wait for explanations, but hunted for a higher limb. Pretty soon he found one which would hold him, being a light man, but wasn't strong enough for an extra sized angry hear. For a minute Hiram seemed safe, though far from happy. The hear was puzzled, but gave every indication of being willing to wait for Hiram as long as he found it convenient to stay at the end of that limb. "Just then a big wildent, evidently a female, came loning along. Mrs. Bear slid down from the tree, waddled over to the wildeat, and a man didn't need to be an expert in wiid animal nature to see that an impromptu mothers' congress was in session. Mrs. Bear evidently explained to Mrs. Wildeat the manner in which Hiram was trying to play on their affections. Then the old hear planted herself at the foot of the tree and waited developments, while the wildeat went up the tree with the evident intention of having an argument with Hiram. "And it was plain that Hiram was about to collide with the real thing. The branch he was on was plenty strong enough for the wildeat gave Hiram a roughe of parting digs, and ducked, too, leaving the affections of confiding hears and wildeats? Not a bit. "Mrs. Bear was waiting for the col

From the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

CLINTON. Ia. Special, June 30—Some of the men employed in the Joves sawmil's across the river have been enjoying some rare sport in the way of catching some of the immense river catfish in the hollow logs floating in the river, which seem to be the favorite haunts of these fish. When the men at the log way discover a hollow log, it is started up the runway, hollow end first to prevent the fish from spilling out. The logs are turned up on end and the fish accordingly.